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"THE PROFITS OF THE SENATORIAL BUSINESS."

PAGE PUCK (*to Our Two Greatest Senators*).—Gentlemen, Public Business requires your presence in the Senate Chamber.  
 THE TWO GREATEST.—Business before Pleasure—go away—we've got the Railroads to attend to!



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SUNDAY is the Fourth of July, and as the fire-crackers are not let loose until the Fifth, our readers may sit quietly down on the day of rest, and exercise their minds with a few reflections suitable alike for the sacred and the secular occasion. First among these let them make the reflection that the Civil-Service Reformers are to-day fighting for the very same thing for which their forefathers fought in 1776. The American colonists, one hundred and ten years ago, objected to "Taxation without Representation." To-day we all object—or, we all ought to object—to Government without Representation—which is pretty much the same thing.

\* \* \*  
For the people of the country are not, in any true sense, represented in their Government, local or national. This is a sweeping statement; but is it not true? Do the men who manage our affairs for us "represent" the ideas, the wishes, the needs and the tendencies of our good citizens? Do they "represent" anything but themselves and their personal adherents—their employers and those whom they employ? These seem extravagant questions, do they not? Very well, listen to a hint or two from us; think the matter over, during this quiet Sunday, and let us know what you make of it. Only do some honest thinking—don't make up your mind that you know all about it, and then waste time proving to yourself that you do.

\* \* \*  
How was it in the old times, in the Wayback District, for instance, when they wanted to send a man to represent them in Congress? They looked about among the good citizens of the district, and found a truly representative man. He might be a farmer or a banker or a merchant, or he might be a village blacksmith; but he certainly was a man who was known throughout the district for his public spirit, his interest

in the welfare of the community, and his patriotism—his love for his country. They were not ashamed of that honest sentiment in those days.

\* \* \*  
And when they had sent him to Congress, they felt proud and satisfied. They believed that he would shine in public; that statesmen would hear of Wayback District, and respect it for its representative. And the man went to Washington, and did what in him lay to represent his constituents in the councils of the nation. That is, he tried to voice, in those councils, the honest and intelligent ideas of the people whose delegate he was. He might not be a brilliant man; he might be a man of narrow education and experience, even a man of small partisan feelings; but he was conscientious, faithful and upright, and he made a respectable figure in the great aggregate of the men whose common-sense and rectitude built firm the foundations of our republic.

\* \* \*  
Who "represents" Wayback now in Congress? A man who may be a lawyer—more probably he has no business or profession whatever. He lives by getting public office, not to perform his duties for the good of the people, but to have an easy living and to use for his own ends the influence it gives him. As soon as he is out of one office he scrambles into another, and begins to lay plans to capture the office he sees ahead. He does everything and anything to make himself "solid" with the ignorant and disreputable classes of the community. And finally, by hook or by crook, he rakes together enough votes, outside of this following, to send him to Congress.

\* \* \*  
When he gets there, he devotes his energies to—representing Wayback? Not at all—to making money for himself. As to his Congressional duties, he "votes with his party," at the dictation of his party-leader, and simply and solely to get his party's backing. He never takes the initiative, until it comes to getting an appropriation, in the River and Harbor Bill,

A TRIFLE NERVOUS.



YOUNG LADY.—Why, Mr. Slim, you are surely not afraid of a thunder-storm?  
MR. SLIM.—Afraid? Er—ah—no, not afraid, but only anxious about the property.

for the improvement of navigation in Wayback Creek. And that he gets not for the good of Wayback. He gets it because it means the employment of some scores or hundreds of laborers, who will vote for him at the next election, if they wish to keep their places—because he will give a job to a contractor, who will work for the retention of his representative in Congress—because it will please a mill-owner or two, or a few lumbermen, who will probably some day give him a check for election expenses. As for his giving Wayback District a voice in the affairs of the nation—Wayback might as well be in Alaska.

\* \* \*  
That this sort of creature is a nuisance and a detriment to the country can not be denied. Civil-Service Reform will bring about his extirpation by depriving him of his greatest sustaining power—the power to sell subordinate offices to the scoundrels who deal in votes. We have a President who has pledged himself to carry out, in letter and in spirit, the laws that make this reform possible. He has made mistakes; he has found the task hard and perplexing. But he has stood nobly by his pledges, and no-one doubts his sincerity. Let us, as good American citizens, support him.

THE Puritan has won the great yacht-race at Marblehead, and the Mayflower has been sarcastically called the Trailing Arbutus by some humorist of the Bean City. Gaily the Troubadour captured Miss Woodford, and before this sees the light, the great sham-battle between Sullivan and Mitchell will have been fought, and the excuses of the beaten man printed in all the newspapers. For yea, verily, this is the season of sport, and base-ball rages, boils and sizzles from one end of this broad land to the other, in spite of the fact that his Reverend Jags, Sam Jones, has seen fit to denounce it in open camp-meeting. The bicyclist is taking headers, and the lawn-tennis is getting tennis-elbow while gathering in the prizes of the tournament. But if you would have anything like an adequate idea of sport, or rather, athletics, you must read PUCK ON WHEELS for 1886. Besides a dozen pages on this timely and interesting subject, there is enough pure, unadulterated fun in this book to make you laugh the rest of your life. And the illustrations would fill a picture-gallery, and split anything, from your sides (with laughter) to a cord of wood. Of all newsdealers. Price twenty-five cents.

## IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

EVERY DOG may have his day; but during the dog-days the dog has no show at all.

THE POLICY-SHOP clerk is the boy who lisps in numbers.

WHEN AMATEUR sparrings contend for a cup, the cup should be in the shape of a punch-bowl.

IS THERE a place where polo is never played? Why, certainly. On the Polo-Grounds, of course.

JOHN A. LOGAN is not the author of "English Without a Master," but he is a capital illustration of it.

SENATOR STANFORD has a hundred thousand dollars worth of horses alone, to say nothing of his wealth of mind.

WE DON'T know anything about the Bavarian Diet Committee, but if its food is anything like as good as its beer, we trust it may wave forever.

BOSTON is beginning to feel proud of her newly-adopted son, Paddy Ryan. Harvard should secure him to hammer something into the heads of her future bachelors of muscle.

MR. FROUDE says the Irish can not govern themselves. Perhaps Mr. Froude has heard how the Irish govern American cities, and based his opinion on the impression thus made.

WE WISH that that horde of Hibernians known as political heelers, would now go to Ireland to help along the Home-Rule business by working for the candidates. Then we should like to see Home-Rule established in order to keep them there. It would be fun to see one of them striking Gladstone to buy a dozen ball-tickets, or to get up a Gladstone target-company and nail the grand old man for the necessary shekels to secure uniforms, and a silver teapot or so for prizes.

## THE PROPER FIELD FOR THE INDIANS.



As fast as they are sufficiently civilized, they should be brought East and employed as milkmen. The real war-whoop would be better than the present imitation.

A HARVARD STUDENT was recently knocked senseless, says a newspaper report. We don't wish to ridicule the poor degraded university of muscle, but, according to the way Harvard students are usually sized up by the public, it is at least tautological to speak of one of them as having been knocked senseless.

THE *Sun* recently spoke of a "white black-snake," and a correspondent wants to know how a thing can be both black and white. We reply "very easily," and refer our correspondent to a pair of black and white check pantaloons.

BOSTON DOESN'T seem to be making out very well in base-ball and yachting this year. This only proves that if Boston wants to retain its Athenian glory, it should stick to its strongest holds, viz., poetry and prize-fighting.

IT IS said that victory will surely be possessed by the most persevering. But the persevering individuals who undertake to dim the pristine glory of John L. Sullivan don't seem to get there, just the samee.

IT WOULD not be a bad scheme for some enterprising circus-man to employ Blaine during the heated term, to travel through the country and make fifteen-minute political speeches on the sawdust.

A NEW YORK physician claims to have produced rabies in dogs with soap. Soap has the same effect on Anarchists. It won't do to trifl too much with soap.

NO MATTER what kind of weather we have, it's all the same to Blaine. On a dry day he gets sun-struck, and on a wet one he can't be elected.

WHAT THE patriotic Irish of America ought to do is to get up a Donnybrook Fair for the benefit of Home-Rule.

NEW JERSEY boasts a pine that bears knitting-needles, and a cow that gives condensed milk.

## CHESTNUT US NO CHESTNUTS.

COME, gentle bard, ethereal poet, come, And likewise humorist who'd write for PUCK, And listen to your uncle while he sings The subjects which you'd better leave alone.

Oh, Adonais, in your frenzied flights, When, like the lark, you sing at heaven's gate, Then prithee leave your mother-in-law alone, Nor on that ancient subject make a jest, Also refrain from joking on the stove— The parlor-stove that's in the Fall put up, Whose pipes won't fit, and whose soot trickles down The erector's neck with perspiration bright.

Oh, Adonais, minstrel of the heart, Say not that husbands light the morning fires, And say not that the cook by kerosene Is through the roof sent like a shooting-star. Speak not of dudles, all collars and no brains, And tell us not in rounded sentences Of men who tumble on banana-skins Or under snow-slides on the icy walk; Inform us not that circus lemonade Contains one lemon to the barrelful, And tell us not the church-fair oyster-stew Has but one oyster, just as Coney Isle's Clam-chowder has but one sponsorial clam.

Likewise, oh, chaste and gentle humorist, That makes us smile in spite of care and care, Tell us not of the kicking-power of mules, Tell us not of the brindled billygoat Eating tin cans, plug hats with mourning bands, And old hoop-skirts, with pensive rolling eyes.

Cats yowl upon the roof and on the fence, And keep us all awake at dead of night, We tear our hair and let our boot-jacks fly; But that's no reason why you should come forth, And tell us so in rhyme from time to time.\*

Oh, Adonais, ask us not to smile When you inform us: the chiropodist Keeps a great corn-crib; ask us not to smile At jokes on ailments painful and offensive, Give us no undertaker jest, and don't Make fun of death to raise a merry laugh.

What if the boarding-house spring-chicken's tough? What if the hash suspender-buttons know? The world can't laugh forever at these facts. Give us, oh, give us something fresh and new, Nor harp forever on the railroad pie; The irate father\*\* with the charming daughter, Whose lover burns the winter coal and gas, And on the front gate, 'neath the summer moon, Swings with her till the bull-dog comes and chews His trousers' seat, until the seat is gone. Tell us no more how young men act and feel When out with girls, and not a cent in hand Just as the ice-cream sign appears in view.

Oh, Adonais, tell not of the actor Coming back from Montana on his feet, Counting the railroad-ties upon the way; Tell us not how the plumber waxeth rich, And owns a steam-yacht in the summer-time.

E'en though the barber talks you half to death, And tries to sell you stuff to spoil your hair, Don't try to tell the public so through PUCK. PUCK wants no jokes on hackman rich and fat, Nor on Chicago's feet, St. Louis' ears, Nor small boys doubled by the apple green, Or laid out by toy-pistols grim and deadly; PUCK wants no stories of the great sea-serpent, Or of *delirium tremens*, or gas-meters Charging for gas while folks are out of town.

Oh, Adonais, these are but a few Of the old subjects to be left alone; These are the chestnuts of a winter's eve, Pray, turn your back and pen on them, and sing Us something that's as fresh as drops of dew Upon a new blown rose, and send them in, And then, oh, then, you'll get the fat green check That grows upon our private greenback-tree To fill your soul with everlasting joy.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

\* Boots are worn out, and shoes are worn to-day, And consequently boot-jacks are no more.

\*\* No irate parent backed by fierce-mouthed dogs To-day send young men flying off the place: The parent's only irate, when no man Will take his comely daughter off his hands, He'll spend his all on coal and wood and gas, And set a free lunch in the parlor out To lure young men to capture Angeline.





## A SHORT STOP.

THE train stopped for a moment, and every one looked out of the window at a game of base-ball that was going on in a lot.

The boy at the bat had on a cap with the peak hanging down over his ear, and a sack-coat big enough for a man. The skirts dangled about his knees, and the sleeves were first rolled up and then pulled back to give the boy a chance to wield the bat.

All the other players were reaching out into the air with bated breath and glistening eyes, full of importance and enthusiasm.

"Wait till yer get a good one, Yaller," observed a freckled philosopher.

"Stand out of the way; Yaller slings his bat!" was a timely bit of warning from another.

And then "Yaller" let the ball have it.

It came in contact with the end of his bat, and he put that down on the ground, and placed his hands under his arms, and swayed to and fro like one in a paroxysm of acute anguish.

Then did he flap his fingers in the air as though trying to attract the school-teacher's attention in order to prefer some indulgence.

The boys who were large enough howled with joy.

Just as he threw his cap on the ground and commenced to dance the train moved away, and every man on board who had ever played ball smiled in a way that showed how well he understood the small boy's sorrow.

## THE BAG OF BALM.

THE latest craze in fancy-work for ladies is the pine balm-bag. They usually have some appropriate motto pertaining to dreamy Morpheus worked on one side, and are intended to hang on the bed-post to produce peaceful slumber.

A young man who works in a dry-goods store was the happy recipient of one of these sooths. It had such an effect on him, the first night he used it, that he slept till after noon the next day, which was deducted from his salary.

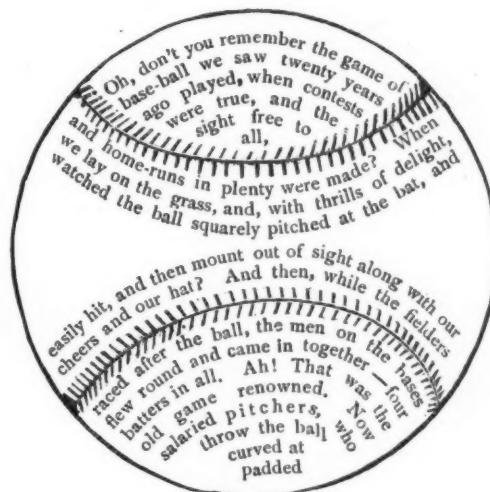
He is now using the bag for soiled clothes.

We would respectfully suggest to the ladies that when they present a young man with a balm-bag, it would be well, also, to give him a bag for morning use; but instead of filling it with pine-balm, put in an ordinary Connecticut alarm-clock.

Don't you?

W. C. G.

PROFESSOR BROOKS, of Phelps, N. Y., recently discovered a new comet. It comes at a very good time, and will afford a splendid excuse for all young ladies who devote summer evenings to swinging on the garden-gate, and who now may be diligently searching for the new comet,



□ and  
masked catchers  
lame and gate-money,  
music and seats all reserved,  
is all that is left □ of the game. Oh,  
□ give us the glorious mat □ ches of old, when love □  
of true sport made □ 'em great, and not  
this new-fangled affair al-  
ways sold for the boodle  
they take at the  
gate.  
□

H. C. DODGE.

## A FLAT FAILURE.



FEATHERLY.—Nice day for the race, Dumley.

DUMLEY.—What race is that?

FEATHERLY.—The human race.

DUMLEY.—Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you referred to some horse-race. Yes, you're right, we're having beautiful weather. Still living up at your father-in-law's, I suppose, Feathery?

## A FOUL TIP.

To me it seems that base-ball might be made more popular in society if the players would adopt a nomenclature similar to that used by theatrical people. And if this were done, it would give the reporters more of a chance to exercise their imaginative faculties.

For instance, how interesting and romantic this would sound:

"Claude Montmorency poised himself like a young god, and, as the ball came hurtling toward him, he struck it with all the energy of his fiery young nature, and sent it careering on its way to the dim perspective of centre-field; but just as it was on the point of passing over the head of Ferdinand De Lacy, that sterling young Olympian bounded into the air, impeded its progress with his uplifted hands, clasped it securely, and returned to earth amid the plaudits of the assembled multitude."

Beside this the simple statement that "Hog-washer made a long drive to centre, but Gallihoolan got on to it in great shape, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse" seems both vulgar and ridiculous.

EKE YOUNG.

IT is now stated that neither the Rev. Phillips Brooks nor the Hon. John L. Sullivan has any idea of leaving Boston at present. Once a Bostonian, always a Bostonian. But she ought to kill off her ball-club.

## CORRECTING AN IMPOSITION.

MRS. SIMPSON, of New York, was entertaining young Mr. Stroke-Oar, of Boston, over night. As a special compliment to him, she hung an excellent portrait of Wendell Phillips in his room. The next morning she observed to him:

"I suppose you recognized that portrait over your mantel last night?"

"Yes," replied the Bostonian, rather vaguely.

"Boston's pride," continued the lady, pleasantly.

"Oh! come now," answered the young gentleman: "who has been palming that off on you? It doesn't look a bit like him, I assure you. If you would like it, I'll send you a photo of him down here in ring costume when I get home. It's reliable." He added, proudly: "He gave it to me himself the last time I was in his saloon."

THIS is the time of the year when the definition of the word "ridicule" is keenly understood and appreciated by the small boy who appears among his companions for the first time this year just after his hair has been sliced off by his mother.



## A NEW THEORY OF ADVERTISING.

WHILE it is true that the newspapers have no votes, their spontaneous nomination of Mr. G. Washington Childs, A. M., for the presidency must still be taken as a deserved tribute to one of the best advertised men in the country. On countless hundreds of his race this genial philanthropist has conferred china cups and saucers, and sketches of his life neatly printed in pamphlet form. Countless other thousands have been laid under more lasting obligations, at the same time they were laid under the sod, by his erection of poetic tributes to their remains. His "enthusiastic mention" for "the highest office in the gift of the people" may be due to campaign work by both classes of his constituents, the wickeder ones being not, improbably, where they could afford practical assistance in "boiling" his "political pot." Or it may be due to the casual exercise on the part of these great editors of a force so powerful, when intelligently applied, as to "defy limitation of its application." [This phrase is not borrowed from Keely.]

Does anybody suppose, for a moment, that the politicians could help nominating Childs, if every editor of every journal in the United States and Territories, daily, bi-weekly, tri-weekly, weekly, bi-monthly, monthly and quarterly, clamored in his columns for Childs, and would be satisfied with no other candidate? Both parties, all parties, would head their tickets with him. How could they help it? If every house, sign, landscape and portrait-painter in the country were to paint into every piece of his work:

VOTE FOR PASTEL BROWNE  
FOR PRESIDENT,

people would be so sick of hearing about Pastel Browne, and of seeing him on their front-doors, stairways, walls, mantel-pieces, back-stairs, barns and fences, that they'd vote him into the White House whether it was election time or not, just to get rid of him.

The time may come, in deed and in truth, when plain every-day advertising will supplant the machine in politics, and bring about results which are now produced only in primaries, or in conventions of the secondary or tertiary degree.

If a granger chooses to run for president, what should be easier for him than to induce

world. All the stumping in a dozen campaigns couldn't fire the rural heart so effectively. Without either canvass or convention, a result would be produced that canvass and convention are both often unable to accomplish. Lawyers are all the time getting elected to the presidency. Every president for decades and decades has been a lawyer. It is astounding that the attention of the courts has never been called to a nefarious advantage generally believed to be taken by members of the bar in addressing helpless juries during the progress of a political campaign. The eleven obstinate men in a rural jury-box have often and often been persuaded to vote for a lawyer for president by some apparently inoffensive remark injected into the bowels of a moving address on the rights of property in Buggins's cow. Suppose every advocate on the continent were to conclude his remarks by saying: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, however you may decide this issue, and whether this cow be found to belong to Buggins or Muggins, I hope you will not forget that my learned brother Boggs, of the Blank bar, is our next president!"

Every man has in his business, profession or craft, the most powerful possible medium of advertising. It is folly to say brethren in a craft can not agree. Haven't the grocers agreed, from the earliest ages, to sell sanded sugar to the people? Suppose they should go a step further and agree not to sell any sugar at all to people who wouldn't work and vote for a grocer for president?

If they should neglect their canvass to the very day before election, and the poll were a sickly one, the saw-bones and pill-mixers of the United States could unquestionably elect a saw-bones to the White House, simply by refusing to prescribe or put up for anybody in favor of anybody else.

No charge, except to PUCK, is made for this contribution to the Childs' campaign fund.

JOHN PAUL BOOCOCK.

THIS is about the time of year when Jingo Jim puts a cabbage-leaf in his hat to prevent another sunstroke.

## LAWN TENNYSON.

HOW THE POET MAY BE MADE TO SERVE THE PURPOSE OF A LATER LOVER.

ANGELINA MAUD AUGUSTA, in your graceful tennis-suit, From your pretty Tam O'Shanter to your dainty canvas-boot, You are like a new Diana, with a racket for a bow; You have strung upon its stringlets one or two good hearts, I know. As you skim above the greensward, swinging high your weapon light, There's no limit to the poetry that I feel I ought to write; But beyond an old quotation I can never, never get, For you seem to me to be the Love that Hath Us in the Net.

SERVISS CORTE.

all the other grangers to plant in the middle of all the wheat, oat, rye, corn, barley, timothy and clover-fields in the country, in letters of living green:

HANK CORNDODGER  
IS THE MAN FOR PRESIDENT!

Mr. Corndodger's candidacy would unquestionably be ingrained in the minds of the rustic

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

BUFFALO BILL ought to engage Black Jack for his wild west show.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is the Denis Kearney of England.

THE *World* tells us that Bismarck has gone to Kissingen. He ought to put a dash of brandy in it.

THE OTHER day the *Sun* printed its circulation for the previous week, and directly under it an editorial headed: "Tell the Truth."

FROM the manner in which they play ball, it is surmised that several members of the Metropolitans shortly expect to become grandfathers.

JUDGE IRION, of Louisiana, is spoken of by the *Sun* as "a friend of sugar." This probably means that the member from the Pelican State doesn't prefer his straight.

THE DAILY PAPERS seem to delight in telling the public how they run steam-yachts and special trains to circulate copies at different points. PUCK doesn't run a steam-yacht, or a special train, or a man-of-war, but, at the same time, he manages to get there just the same without doing any howling.

## HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

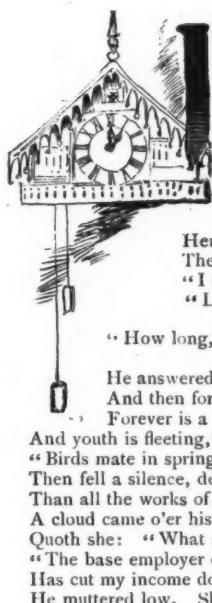


LITTLE COON (picking up a boot).—Say, Mistah, kin I's hab dis ole sho'?

FARMER (eying him suspiciously).—What du yer wunt et fer?

LITTLE COON (giving the whole thing away).—De ole man wuz 'roun' h'yar las' night an' jus' 'ud time ter git de one sho' w'en de dorg got luse; so he sen' me ober ter git de oder, es it's ob no 'count ter yo'.

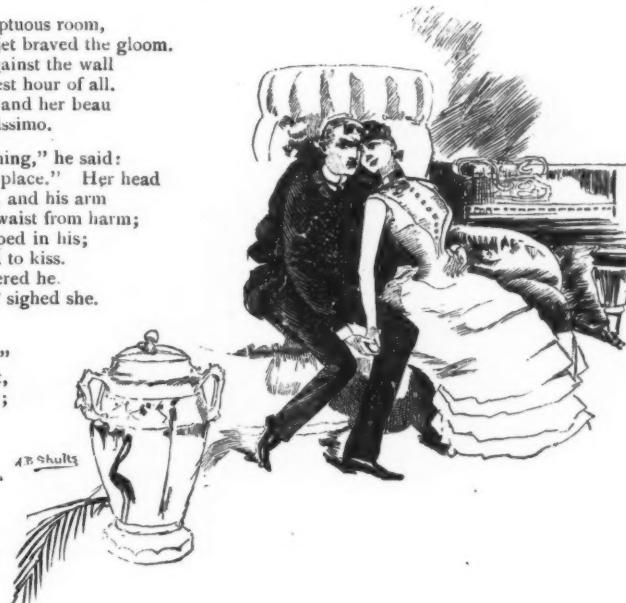
## OLD SAWs FOR YOUNG GEESE.



N Cressus his most sumptuous room,  
One low-turned gas-jet braved the gloom.  
The cuckoo-clock against the wall  
Had cried the smallest hour of all.  
Cressus his daughter and her beau  
Held converse, pianissimo.

“A place for everything,” he said:  
“And everything in place.” Her head  
Was on his shoulder, and his arm  
Secured her willing waist from harm;  
Her hand lay warmly clasped in his;  
Their lips just barely failed to kiss.  
“I must be going,” whispered he.  
“Let well enough alone,” sighed she.

“How long,” she asked:  
“Shall true love last?”  
He answered soft: “Till life be past,  
And then forever!” “Ah, but stay;  
Forever is a long, long day,  
And youth is fleeting,” ventured she:  
“Birds mate in spring, and why not we?”  
Then fell a silence, deeper, denser  
Than all the works of Herbert Spencer.  
A cloud came o'er his manly brow.  
Quoth she: “What ails my darling now?”  
“The base employer of my skill  
Has cut my income down to nill,”  
He muttered low. She struggled free.



“A little ‘earning,” murmured she,  
And eyed askance her plighted ring:  
“Is, as you know, a dangerous thing.”  
“Tis true,” he sighed; but brightening then,  
Thought to envelope her again,  
And failing, laughed with spurious cheer:  
“But then you must consider, dear,  
Though only half my time is employed,  
The other half’s the more enjoyed;  
And half-a-loaf,” he shrewdly said:  
“You’ll grant, is better than no bread.”  
“If I can read the times aright,  
Too many hands will make work light  
For months to come,” she gravely said:  
“I fear me I should never wed,  
If I should wait for you. One thing  
I ask alone—take back this ring.”  
The cuckoo here, as if inspired,  
Cried “Cuckoo” twice, and then retired.  
A step was heard upon the stair.  
She turned all red, and whispered: “There!  
Fly for your life!” With hat in hand,  
He in the hall was fain to stand  
And parley, for his heart was sore;  
But quick she thrust him from the door.  
He fancied, as he heard it close,  
He caught the words:

“A wise child knows—!”

R. W. CLARKE.

## THE SCABS OF LABOR.

M R. DENNIS X. NITROGLYCERINELY, General Boss Workman of the Independent Order of Scabs of Labor of America, furnishes for publication the following interesting statement:

The Scabs of Labor number some ten millions of able-bodied workingmen in this country. Taking Mr. Powderly's recent estimate that the membership of the Knights of Labor does not exceed five hundred thousand, it will be seen that we have twenty times as many Scabs as they have Knights. Thus, as long as we stand firm and keep our muscles hard, we have very little to fear from the threats and hard words of our knighted and benighted brethren of toil.

What is a Scab? Well, to use a figure of stump-speech, a Scab is a man who carries his sovereignty under his own hat. Every Scab is a General Boss Workman in his own right. Look at a Scab, and you find a loyal American citizen, who thinks too much of his country and her institutions to be beguiled by the siren-voice of the flannel-mouthed agitator, and who has too much tender solicitude for his stomachic comfort and that of his family to engage in a strike which is more likely to end in starvation than triumph. And so, through all the turmoil and upheaval of the past mad months, when it has sometimes seemed as though Jay and Terence must certainly come to blows, and the nation go down to ruin in a flood of gore, the Scab has stuck to his work and kept the wheels of industry on the whirl. All honor to the humble Scab.

By this independent course the Scab has made many bitter enemies, as, in these days of pure statesmanship in a horn, and Tariff Reform over the left, a man who tries to act on a common-sense basis must make enemies. He has been beset on his way to and from work every day, by hordes of drunken Knights and sober Knights, Irish Knights and Negro Knights, Knights of all ages, sizes, trades and—ay, even women Knights, (shade of King Arthur, keep shady!) who have publicly assailed him with scornful and abusive words in the laudable endeavor to bring him to a sense of his own shame and of their most chivalric puissance. It is to them he owes the title of Scab. They probably wanted something very insulting and contemptuous to apply to him, and concluded that Scab would answer the purpose better than Saracen—or perhaps they didn't know that it

was Saracens with whom the Knights of the olden time had so much trouble.

But a Scab can work just as well under that name as any other. He cares not what they call him, so that he gets called to the counting-room every pay-day to receive his wages. He knows that he has the best of the situation, and that is satisfaction enough for him. The striker suffers from deprivation; the capitalist suffers from loss of business; but the joyous Scab keeps right on with his work with a clean conscience, and his credit at the grocer's unimpaired. Happy the lot of the Scab.

In conclusion, Mr. Nitroglycerinely writes: Now that they have failed to obtain higher pay and shorter hours, the Knights announce themselves ready to return to work if their employers will discharge all the Scabs in their shops. The obstinate employers reply that before they do this the weather in Sheol will change so that the burning lake can be used as a profitable field of speculation for an iceman. As a way out of this dead-lock, I cordially invite every Knight of Labor in the country to become a Scab. All he will have to do will be to stop going to assemblies and listening to the foolish talk of ignorant leaders; stop paying assessments for striking-funds, which go, the Lord only knows where (see PUCK's *Letters to John Smith*); and to recognize the fact that this is a work-ten-hours-a-day world, and no amount of striking, arbitrating and boycotting can make it anything else at present. Come up and be a Scab!

EKE YOUNG.

NOW THAT the hot weather has set in, we trust our exchanges will let up on printing Father Ryan's poem, “Rest,” and switch off on that time-honored stand-by of the dog-days, beginning: “Oh for a lodge in a valley of cucumbers!”

NEXT TO the American servant-girl the Czar of Russia is probably the most arbitrary potentate in the world.

WHEN GREEN FRUIT arrives there will be a general tie-up in the region of the juvenile equator.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

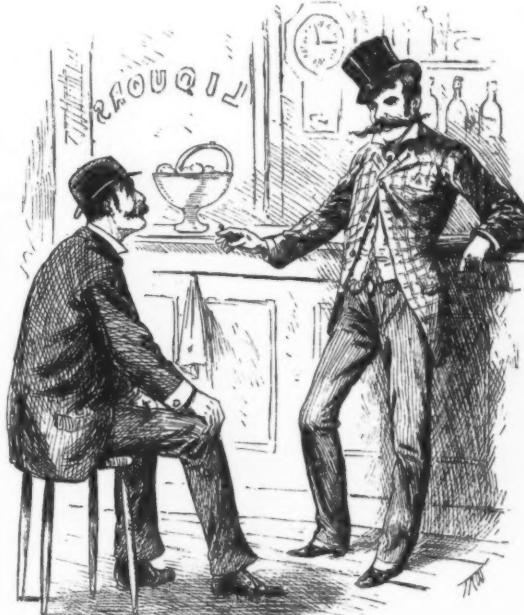
THE HOTTER the day, the more difficult it is to raise the car-window.

THE *Christian Union* has a little article on Church Gymnasiums. We presume Talmage's temple is a fair illustration.

A CORRESPONDENT states that Blaine is like small-pox. There is but one chance in a hundred thousand of having him twice.

THE LATEST thing is the pocket bath-tub. A bath-tub small enough to be carried in the pocket is sufficiently capacious, though, for a Socialist weighing a ton.

## LOGICAL IN LIQUOR.

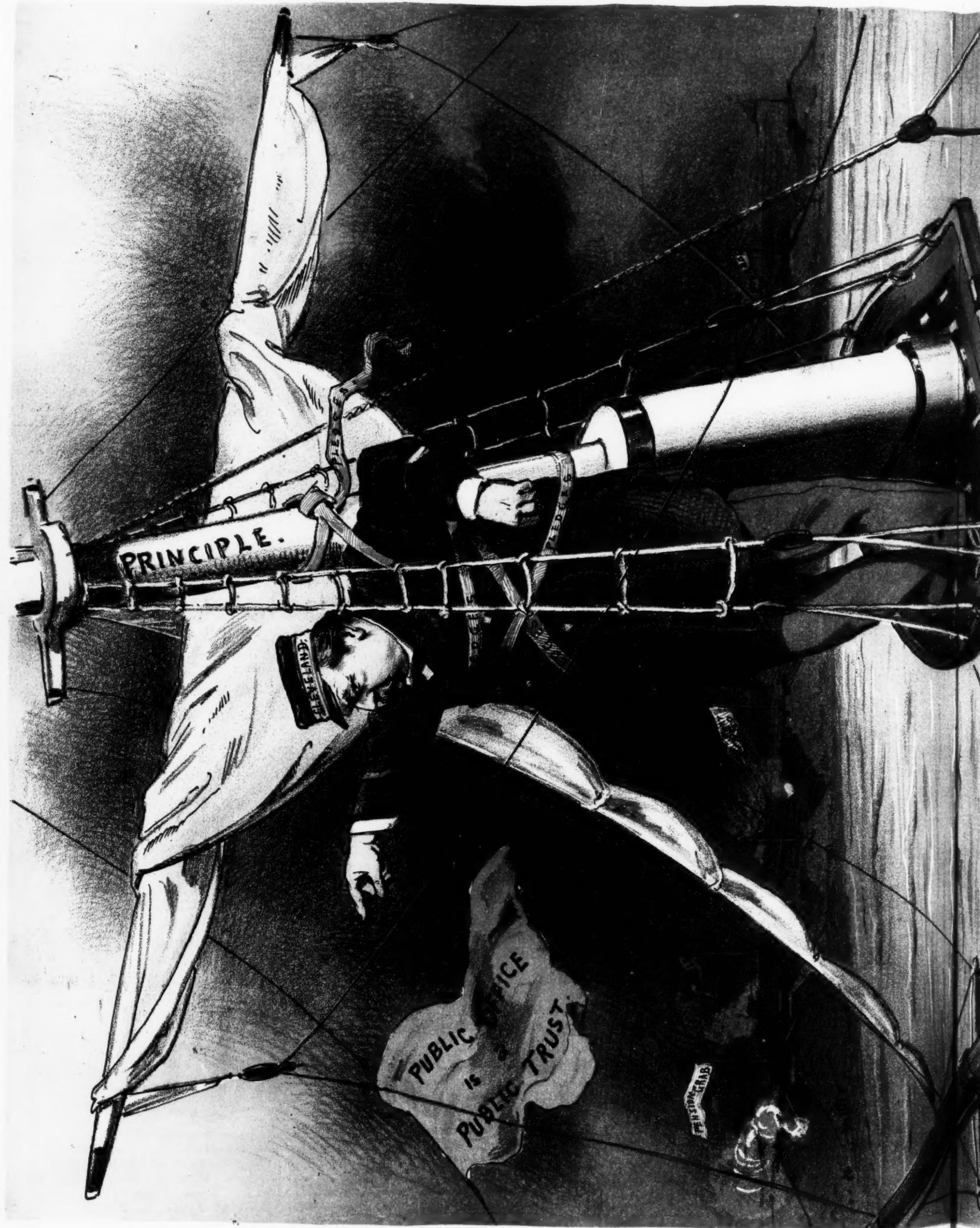


“No, sir, I am *not* a slave to drink. I don't need stimulants. I c'n stop whenever I wanter.”

“Well, you've been off you base for a week. Why don't you stop?”

“Whasser use of stoppin' when you know you can stop? When you can't—then thesh some use in stoppin', dontchersee?”

PUCK.





**THE FARRAGUT OF POLITICAL REFORM.**

President Cleveland has Tied Himself up to Principle; and means to Stick to his Post till the Battle is Won.

## A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

I AM not an angler, because I have no patience, and can not lie. But I have fished, and occasionally been successful in a small way. I never caught any of the large fish that other fishermen catch. My largest victim would not weigh a pound, and all that ever got off my hook were small ones, too. I have never cast Spanish flies before trout, nor waded up a brook against the current in a pair of old boots on a cold spring day, in quest of "speckled beauties."

I like to fish sitting down. Then if I catch nothing, I don't get tired out. Give me a nice soft, grassy bank, a wicker-basketful of chicken-sandwiches, and plenty of bottled beer, and I don't care if I sit the whole day without catching as much as a smoked-herring.

I never liked fishing in a boat, on account of the rowing to be done. Whenever people fish in a boat, some one is always suggesting a change of base, and that necessitates hauling up the three-cornered rock used for an anchor. I prefer fishing on land, especially in a market, where you can catch fish of any weight you desire. It is very awkward, when standing on the shore, to attempt to throw the line out from behind you, and have the hook catch in the seat of your trousers, lift you off your feet, and shoot you into the lake.

Izaak Walton says that angling is the sport for men of a reflective turn; if they catch no fish, they can take it out in reflection, and the flask. Deaf and dumb anglers are generally successful, if they don't talk too much with their hands. When you go to the cod-liver oil regions to catch dessicated cod-fish, don't be bothered reading your Izaak Walton before starting, for Izaak knew no more about angling for fish-balls than he did about setting an eel-pot. He was a quiet, half-baked man, who used to like nothing better than monkeying up and down the Cam in quest of dace and barbel, and such like English-fish. I once had a dog who was very fond of fish. As fond as he was of meat, he was fonder of fish. He could swallow bones and all without winking. Shad melted in his mouth like a standing-collar in August. He would swallow the back-bone of a mackerel against the grain, and the outshooting prongs would never hurt him. One day he swallowed an ivory comb under the impression that it was a mackerel's back-bone. Then he began to bark for the brush. I went at him with a stomach-pump, and not only recovered the comb, but a pen-knife, and an odd sleeve-button lost the week before. A day or two after I took him to a traveling photographer, to have some tin-types taken. In a jiffy the dog had swallowed the photographer's comb, and followed with the brush, probably thinking it a flounder. Then he dropped dead. Some people prefer black bass to the striped, and *vice versa*; for my part, I think I favor the white label. If there is such a thing as checked bass, I think that would be the bass for me, provided the check was certified. Speaking of the Fishing Banks reminds me that when the banks are fishing aimlessly about for their lost or strayed cashiers—

My head is beginning to split, and if the reader will kindly excuse me, I'll leave this pretty kettle of fish alone, lest peradventure I mullet.

P. S.—I beg to disclaim all personal responsibility for several vicious puns and plays on words that occur in the above article. They were put in at the urgent request of the firm, who also wanted me to have a fling at the buckling and marinerte herring, but at these specimens I draw the fish-line. R. K. M.

## A SURPRISE IN STORE.

BOBBY had spent the greater part of Sunday afternoon committing to memory the Lord's Prayer.

As he knelt at his mother's knee at bed-time, he looked up to her and said:

"Mama, won't God be surprised when he finds I can say two prayers?"

IT IS STATED that in 1888 Blaine will get the Republican nomination by hook or crook. If he does get it all, it will probably be by crook.

## RANDOM REMARKS.

IT is said that authors would be more widely read if they would only write as they talk in ordinary conversation. It is no doubt true that people in writing are rather inclined to be elegant (if we may use that favorite upholstering and neck-tie department word,) instead of being natural. Let a prize-fighter tell a reporter that "he didn't have no show, or he would have lammed the bloomin' snoot off of him," and the interview in the paper will disclose the fact that the pugilist said: "I was not fairly treated at the hands of those present; their conduct was gross in the extreme. Had I received fair play, I am certain that the verdict would have been in my favor," etc.

A CRUEL MAN in the rural districts who recently had his tomato-plants destroyed, stuck some artificial flowers and leaves in the bed, and stood by and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the potato-bugs die of pure grief.

THE BOSTON *Globe* is going to print and give away sheet music as a premium. We trust that the day may never arrive when the *Globe* or any other paper will give away cornets or accordions.

SOME PHILOSOPHER says that a pretty table makes the food taste better. The average boarding-house would do well to have silk table-cloths, gold forks and spoons, and peachblow crockery.

NOW DOOTH the howling swell who can't afford to go to the country, begin to take a kindlier view of the farmer relative in the swamp at Wayback, whom he called a yokel and a yop last December.

IT IS SAID that John A. Logan is proud of his poverty. His fortune is put at seventy-five thousand dollars. We wish we were a poor man like Mr. Logan. We should be proud, too.

AN AUTHORITY says, "the head as well as the hands should be used when playing base-ball." The head is used. It stops many a ball.

SAY WHAT you will of the style of speeches delivered by the Anarchists, they are not much worse than many of Jingy Jim's performances on the rostrum.

MR. LOGAN says that if he were to get his hair cut people wouldn't know him. This is very likely so, but how it would boom him for the presidency!

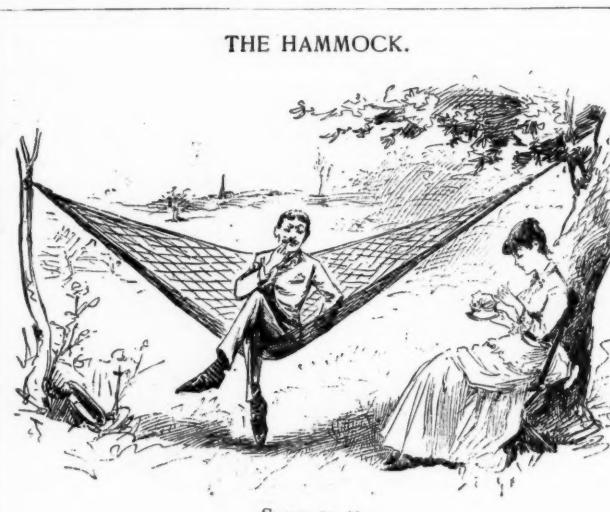
ANOTHER SURVIVOR of Balaklava lives in Milwaukee. He says that Tennyson's report of the affair is very much exaggerated.

THE EDITOR of the Pigville *Banner* unqualifiedly denies the rumor that his paper will not support Blaine if he is nominated for the presidency.

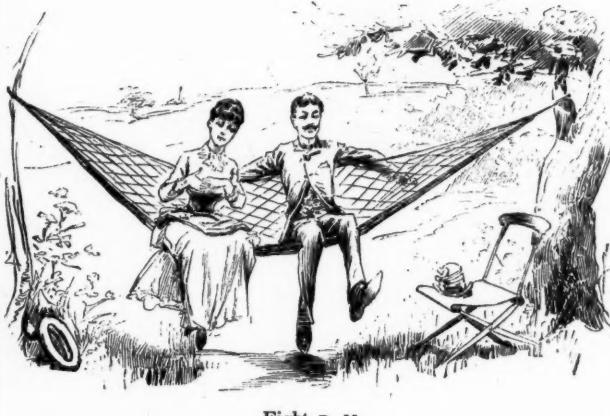
A PARLIAMENTARY FUND to make the Irish more parliamentary would not be a bad thing.

IT is hard to tell which is worse, the cigarettes or the pictures.

IT is a wise metropolis that knows its own City Fathers.



Seven P. M.



Eight P. M.



Nine P. M.

## ATHIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

I ASKED of Cousin Ned, to-day  
(Just as if I didn't know!)  
What that word meant—*un baiser*,  
Speaking very soft and low;  
"You're a Harvard Sophomore,  
Schooled in all linguistic lore;  
I'm just simple little May;  
What's *un baiser*?"



Well, he told me whence it came,  
Quoted Latin, Hebrew, Greek;  
Called it by its English name,  
Just as blunt as he could speak:  
Ah, these stupid, clumsy men!  
Did he think I meant it then?  
Couldn't he just whisper, pray,  
"That's *un baiser*?"

RUTH HALL.

## The Strange Case of Alderman Shekel and Mr. Slide.

BY WALTER STEPHEN MURPHY.

I WAS walking up the Bowery one night with my old friend Bigley, when he suddenly halted before a fruit-stand.

"I witnessed a strange thing here a few weeks ago," said he: "A gentleman with a diamond-pin in his shirt-front ran across the road and knocked up against the Italian. A fight ensued, which I learned was caused by the gentleman tackling the Italian for boodle for allowing him to run his stand in the ward. The Italian kicked, and just as a couple of citizens approached the gentleman said: 'My name is Slide,' and skipped down Hester Street.

## II.

Alderman Shekel and I had been chums since the time we first dissected six-cent whiskey in Casey's Morgue. A few weeks after my stroll with Bigley, I called at his house to see him. He was pale and nervous, and a strange shadow clouded his brow.

"My dear old friend," said he: "I have a presentiment that some day I shall be found missing. I don't know, I assure you, what induces this belief. But my will is made. I leave everything to a man who is more to me than my brother—"

"And whose name is?" I cried hoarsely:  
"Mr. Slide."

## III.

One beautiful moonlit night, a servant-girl living with a select family on East Houston Street, was sitting at the front window buried in meditation. Just as the clock struck twelve, she noticed a man halt at the corner of Broadway and engage in conversation with a stranger who held an iron instrument in his hand. Suddenly the stranger rushed out into the road

and commenced to dig up the paving-stones. Then his companion hurried down Houston Street, and, as he passed the girl at the window, she was almost blinded by the rays of the diamond which flashed in his shirt-bosom. Next morning all New York was ringing with the intelligence that Jack Sharp had laid the rails of the Broadway Pullman Car Line.

## IV.

One fearful night of storm and darkness I was seated in my room, when a violent knock came upon the front-door. I ran down stairs and opened it. Alderman Shekel's cook stood without.

"In the name of pity," he whispered hoarsely: "will you come with me to the Alderman's house. We have tried the door of his study, in which he has been concealed for several days, and now we can not open it. Something terrible must have happened him."

Without another word I dashed up the murky street, and a walk of twenty minutes brought us to the Alderman's residence. Into the hall we hurried, and up-stairs to the study. Then we halted. I could hear a strange sound within as of some one packing up a valise.

"Alderman," I cried huskily: "it is your old friend. Let me enter."

"Mercy! mercy!" moaned a voice in, oh! such awful accents of despair.

He was in trouble—I waited to hear no more—I stepped back and flung myself against the door, which broke down with a loud crash. Simultaneously came the sound of shattered glass, and when I dashed into the room it was empty. A demolished window-frame and a pad of paper on a table only attracted my eye.

"Gone! gone!" I shrieked, as I sunk back fainting in a chair: "He is Mr. Slide."

## V.

## ALDERMAN SHEKEL'S CONFESSION.

I believe that every man has at least two individualities—the honest and the dishonest. My great desire was to separate these two qualities and form a separate physical body for each. A little old rye and rock, mixed with quinine and other drugs, I found effected my purpose. In my normal condition I was Alderman Shekel, a worthy citizen and distinguished member of the Common Council. But once in my study I would mix the terrible potion, drink it down, and sally forth through the ward looking for boodle. Then I was Mr. Slide. For months I lived this fascinating dual existence. Until at last the terrible reality burst upon me that while before it was an effort to transform me from Alderman Shekel to Mr. Slide, it now took about two gallons to knock me off my pins, and thus prevent me from wandering around day and night, searching for the boodle aforesaid. It was only while lying in bed, completely overcome, that I preserved the character of the goodly Alderman Shekel. One day, I remember, I was summoned to the City Hall, where I understood a franchise for a horse-car line was to be given away. After the meeting I wandered out to the park and sat down. Suddenly, I happened to glance at my hands. They held a bag of coin on which my imagination saw stamped the word "boodle." Then I knew that I was Mr. Slide again. I started up in horror, and, hailing a cab, was driven to my house, which I have never for a moment since left. I knew full well I had committed a crime, and that before long the police would be upon my track. I have since swallowed dose after dose of my magic mixture, but it fails to restore to me my individuality as Alderman Shekel. Last night I sent out my servant and purchased a ticket for Montreal. I must remain Mr. Slide, I fear. Now I am packing my valise and—"

Here the manuscript abruptly ended.

## TUMBLE-BUGS.

THERE IS a new play entitled "Not One Word." The plot must be laid in a deaf-and-dumb asylum.

NOT A SQUARE SHAKE—Loaded Dice.

A COIN-COLLECTOR—The Organ-Grinder's Monkey.

RARE BOOKS—Those Which are Returned After They are Borrowed.

IT IS far better to stand on ceremony than on somebody's foot in a street-car.

"THE TRUTH always comes to the surface." Probably it does; but it draws the line at a box of berries.

THE MILWAUKEE ANARCHISTS drill with wooden muskets. Herr Most, the New York Anarchist, does all his drilling in the repair-shop on Blackwells Island with a brace and bit.

AN EXCHANGE tells of a woman who was shot at by her husband, and whose life was saved by the ball striking the steel of her corsets. Now, why will these dress reformers persist in saying that corsets are unhealthy?

SHEEP PLACED on Key West Island lose their wool in the second year. We have an island in the East River with the same peculiarity, only a little more so. Prisoners usually lose their wool about fifteen minutes after they arrive.

A YOUNG MAN, who knows what it is to get the heel of his shoe fastened into a cake of soap on an oil-cloth floor, beg leave to say, for the benefit of humanity at large, that when you feel that the saponaceous compound has you in its power, you mustn't begin to beat the atmosphere wildly with your feet and arms in your endeavors to assume a perpendicular, for it availeth nothing, besides, it is very undignified. When nature's great law says "Come," just go at once, irrespective of any prior engagement, and get through with it.

W. C. GIBSON.

## GETTING SQUARE.



CONDUCTOR (*gruffly*).—Why don't you hold fast when we're turning a corner?

PASSENGER (*knowingly*).—My mother-in-law recovered five thousand dollars last week for being slung off this line, and I hate to see her get ahead of me in anything.



1822.

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Brown's Ginger, even if  
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1886

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Travelers, or those who shave at home are invited to try Williams' Shaving Stick. An exquisite soap producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case covered with leatherette. OBTAIN IT AT YOUR DRUGGIST, OR SEND 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO  
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MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS,  
NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, BUFFALO, CHICAGO.

DR. ALLOPATH.—How is that friend of yours getting along, Mr. Jones, who has been treated by Dr. Bones?

JONES.—Oh, he was out of the doctor's care nearly a week ago.

DR. ALLOPATH.—You astonish me. I did not think it possible for a man to gain ground under his treatment.

JONES.—Well, my friend was no exception to the rule. Under Bones's treatment he gained ground, but it was located in the cemetery—*Lowell Citizen*.

TEACHER.—Boy at the foot of the class, spell admittance.

BOY.—A-d-m-i-t-t-a-n-c-e.

TEACHER.—Give the definition.

BOY.—Fifty cents, children half-price.—*Unidentified Exchange*.

#### MY MATERNAL UNCLE.

I HAD a sailor uncle once  
Who loved a briny breeze,  
And, though at school almost a dunce,  
He flourished on the c-c-c.

He joined the loyal navy, when  
The squadron took a prize;  
And, fighting in the Terrapin,  
A fuse put out his i-i-i.

But surgeon's skill and doctor's stuff  
Worked wonders for his views;  
And now his sight is good enough  
For any man to u-u-u.

Ungrateful nations soon forget  
Their friends, as well as foes,  
But he's in hopes the world may yet  
Grant the reward it o-o-o!

And now retired, secure from harm,  
He keeps his hive of b-b-b,  
And happy, on his little farm  
Contented, takes his e-e-e.

—HENRY CLARK, in *Good Cheer*.

A DAKOTIAN met an old friend while on an eastern trip. "I hear that Bill Applejack, who went out to your country, has failed in business." "Yes." "Hard times?" "No." "Too much competition?" "No, I think not." "Too little attention to business?" "Oh, no, he worked hard." "I don't see why he failed, then." "Well, you see, a few determined gentlemen on the board of trade got a new inch rope around his neck and forced him to make an assignment." "Horses?" "Horses."—*Estelline Bell*.

BRIDGET (*to iceman*).—Av ye plaze, sir, me missus sez will yez put the ice in the saucer here every mornin', and cover it wid the tay cup, so we can have some left if we don't get there the minit ye lave it.—*Palmer Journal*.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars  
for a retail box, by express, of the best  
Candies in the World, put up in hand-  
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable  
for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

It is said that an eminent French journalist, recently deceased, used to rise every morning at four o'clock to begin his day's work. And now he is dead. It might have been expected. It is a sad, sad warning, but let us hope that it will be lesson to him as long as he lives. Let us, also, remember it likewise. Let us lay our several hands upon our respective hearts, and say that rather than imitate his fault, if ever, in the course of human events it should become necessary for us to be up at four A. M., we will sit up to it. Then we can go to bed at 4:15, and not go around wasting the whole day in idle work.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

To avoid all discomfort and seasickness, take a bottle of the genuine **Angostura Bitters** on your trip to Europe.

**Hires' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.** Packages 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

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An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

616

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